

BEN HEYWOOD TURNS DOWN LOVED GAYUSE

Remarkable Automobile Trip Changes Opinion of Former Cow-Puncher.

**SAYS HIS OLD FRIEND
THE BRONCO IS HAS-BEEN**

Extraordinary Traveling Splendid Testimonial to the Pierce Arrow Car.

Ben Heywood has just finished a journey which was the trip of his eventful life.

There is perhaps no man in the West who knows more of the deserts, mountains and plains than he. He has covered tens of thousands of miles on the back of a cayuse, over trails none but an expert would ever tackle. He loves a horse, and until this week refused to believe that anything that man could possibly supplant a good horse or those unimproved deserts or mountain roads.

But he has changed his mind.

But he has no will to change his mind. He did not do so willingly, but through force of a practiced demonstration of the horse's inferiority over a fine-class automobile. And that automobile is the Pierce Arrow.

Not an Advertisement.

Now this is not an advertisement. It is a recognition of splendid merit. It is the recital of facts that cannot be overlooked.

On last Wednesday morning, a week ago today, Senator Kearns' sons and friends started to California by way of

Deep creek in a Great Pierce Arrow and aariat. The party then followed the tracks of the Indians along the broads of the desert, one hundred miles west of Salt Lake City, and when they found their supply of gasoline failing they struck camp for the night on the Snake Route. En route the Tourists completely collapsed. It would not stand the trip. It fairly "burned up," and the Tourists put their abandoned fifty miles out on the desert.

The party of six took to the Pierce Arrow and were safely carried to Omasa, where the young man and woman came to a home. For two days they were practically without food. They used the water supply to cool the Tourist in the desert. The young man found it proved its inability to stand a hard

Not hearing from the party, a relief expedition was organized and captained

by Ben Heywood. They left Salt Lake City at 4 o'clock Sunday morning in one of Tom Botterill's Pierce Arrow touring cars. Eddie Smith, a crack

The trip to Grantsville was made before 6 o'clock. A few minutes were spent at Grantsville to prepare for the long desert trip, and the run was made to Orr's ranch, where Dan Orr was picked up to accompany them. Fish Springs was reached at 4 p. m., and it was there learned the Kearney party, after a vain endeavor to overcome the obstacle, had departed for Oasis, nearly one hundred miles southeast. Leaving trouble to the boys, Heywood

Learning from the accident, the tourist decided to cover the trail and stopped at Drum at 9 o'clock Monday evening. Seventeen miles out of Drum they found the abandoned Tourist and towed it into Drum. The steering gear was out of fix and it is rumoured that the howl Drum Or did the disabled Tourist at the end of a forty-foot rod at a twenty-mile pace. The car whipped across the trail and back in such a fashion that Or finally found it impossible to keep his nerve and his seat.

Cars Are Intact.

At 7:30 o'clock Tuesday morning the

relief party left for Oasis, abandoning the Tourist, and reached Oasis at 10 o'clock. A rest was taken until 11:30 and the start made for Salt Lake City. Heywood reached here at 8 o'clock in the evening, having covered the entire distance of 395 miles over frightful roads of muck and sand and sagebrush with twelve hours rest. The Kearns Pierce Great Arrow made the trip without accident and is in perfect condition.

No such trip has ever been made un-

"There is nothing you can't do with those cars," said Ben Heywood Tuesday night. "I want to say I have gained and lost something by that trip. I saw the automobile in all its glory, but I don't share the same respect

but I will never have the same respect,
I have long felt for a horse. There is
nothing to it. The horse is a big
number, so far as desert travel and
endurance is concerned."

"What do you think of the experi-
ence of the boys?" he was asked.

"Well, when I reflect on the things
they encountered and might have en-
countered, I must pronounce their trip
a success," he said enthusiastically.

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Gets Ninety Days.

Charles Renick, the youthful messenger boy, who was given a ninety-day "floozer," for vagrancy by Judge

Whitaker ten days ago, failed to leave the city and remain away as he agreed to do, and when he returned Sunday he was picked up and thrown into jail. He will now have to serve the remainder of the ninety-day sentence, about eighty days, upon the rock pile.

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